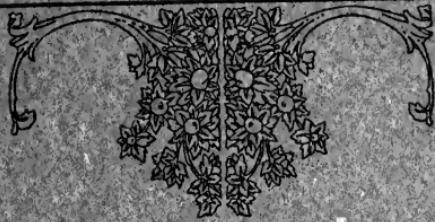


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A CROSTIC SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS



BY
J. E. O'CONNOR



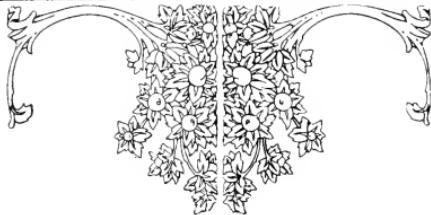
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ACROSTIC SONNETS

AND

OTHER POEMS



BY
J. E. O'CONNOR



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A N
A C R O S T I C
S O N N E T

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*N*air Vision, beautiful, without a mate
In all the world, art Thou like mist to flee?
Nay, here, O Captive Dream, Thy home must be,
Enthroned forever by the Golden Gate.

*A*h, Weeping Maidens,* grieve not at your fate;
Rejoice instead to dwell here by the sea,
Through all the ages to eternity,
Served as within no other land or state.

*P*ledge we our word on this Commencement Day,
At Maybeck's Marvel, loved, Olympian:
Let on our path befall whatever may,
A backward step from what we here began
Can never be but *ONWARD IS OUR WAY*,
Exalting Art, ennobling Life and Man.

*“Weeping Maidens”—the popular appellation of the statues on the Colonnade.

(Reprinted from the San Francisco “Examiner” of Dec. 4th, 1915, “Closing Day” of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.)

AN
ACROSTIC
SONNET

T
O



*hoice of Convention and Columbia,
Hail to Thee, Leader, learned, calm, sedate!
America to-day with glee elate
Rejoices from Maine to California.
Let “bellofists”* retire to Africa;
Enough we’ve had of preachers of race hate.
Shall jingos bring upon us Europe’s fate?*

*E*mphatic’ly NAY says America.

*Hail, Harbinger of Peace with all the world,
Uniting all our people for one goal,
Guiding the Ship of State with flag unfurled,
Hurrahed by all not hissed from pole to pole,
Extending aid to those in war’s hell hurled,
Standing like Christ ’gainst Mar’s and Mammon’s
toll!*

*“Bellofist”—pronounced “bellow-fist,” with the emphasis on “bellow”—is derived from the Latin, like “Pacifist” (literally, “peacemaker”), and means in hyphenated Anglo-Saxon, “war-maker.”

(June 11th, 1916, the day following Mr. Hughes’ nomination for the Presidency.)

A N
A C R O S T I C
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Patriot, Martyr, slain for Liberty!

*Among the names that will forever shine
To light men upward to the heights divine,
Refulgent in Fame's firmament will be
Ireland's new heroes': PLUNKETT, CON-
NOLLY,
CLARKE, DALY, PEARSE, McBRIDE,
MacDONAGH, THINE,—
Knights worthy of Hibernia's fairest shrine.*

*H*ere's to Their and Thy sacred memory!

*Peace to Your ashes and eternal rest!
E'en though o'ercome by might as were JOHN
BROWN
And WARREN, like the bravest and the best,
Receiving as did They the Martyr's crown;
So Ye who died for Liberty are blest,—
E'en dead Ye live to shake Wrong's temple down.*

(Reprinted from the San Francisco "Examiner" of May 9th, 1916.)

Note.—On May 8th, 1916, when the above was written, the names of the following heroes had not then been added to the roll of Erin's Martyrs: M. O'HANRAHAN, EDMUND KENT, CORNELIUS COLBERT, J. J. HEUSTON, MICHAEL MALLON, THOMAS KENT, SEAN McDERMOTT, F. S. SKEFFINGTON and SIR ROGER CASEMENT.

A N
A C R O S T I C
S O N N E T

T
O



*em of earth's gems, O Western Paradise
On the Pacific's California shore,
Like famed Elysium of classic lore
Dost Thou for all man's soul's desires suffice.
Enamored with Thy charms not once nor twice
Nor thrice but ten times ten and many more*

*(G)one have I to this Eden at our door
And found therein a peace beyond all price.
Tent-and-Verse-Maker Omar sang of wine,
Extolling the grape, asking when he died*

*Persian friends in a vineyard would consign
All that remained of him, there to reside,
Renouncing Mahmud's bliss for the grapevine.
Khayyam-like here fore'er would I abide.*

A N
A C R O S T I C
S O N N E T

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O



Majestic Watcher o'er the Golden Gate,
O Sentinel beside the Sunset Sea,
Ultima Thule's last outpost, westerly
Nomadic man no further can migrate.
Though standing like a sentry obdurate,

To ward intruders off apparently,
Applying harsh "repeller" unto Thee
Most wrongly would Thy nature designate.
Attracting all who from THE CITY flee,
Loved, not feared like Thy brothers desolate,
Proud, frigid, snow-capped from eternity,
A WELCOMER OF ALL HUMANITY.
Is Thy best title and Thy grandest trait,
Superb, surpassing hospitality.

A N
A C R O S T I C
S O N N E T

T
O



e Tow'ring Cliffs and Ye Far-Falling Streams!

*O Valley of the Gods, Thou Wonderland,
Shaped by the Mighty Sculptor's master hand,
Excelling all man's most colossal schemes!
Mute, overawed, to me once more it seems
I stand upon exalted GLACIER and,
Transfixt by Thy stupendous glories grand,
Enraptured gaze, thrilled by a thousand themes.*

*H*ERNAL the exquisite, unrivalled, queen,
*AHWAHNEE** guarded by the SENTINEL,
LAKE, mirror of Thy grandeur, calm, serene,
Like BRIDAL'S mist across my mem'ry float.
Enchanted Vale, still haunts my soul Thy spell,
YOSEMITIE, like some great organ's note.

* "AHWAHNEE" was the Indian name for the Valley.

A N A C R O S T I C

T
O



I

*World's foremost Man, Thrice Leader, Thee we greet,-
Invincible despite Corruption's gold,
Like Liberty triumphing o'er defeat,
Like "Truth crushed" rising stronger and more bold.*

II

*Incarnate Spirit of Democracy,
America Thine aid doth now invoke.
May Thou Thy Country wrest from plutarchy,
Just as did Washington from alien yoke.*

III

*Enshackled Labor lifts to Thee his hands
Now bound, his lips closed by Injunction's thongs.
Not privilege but justice he demands.
In Thee he has a friend to right his wrongs.*

IV

*Not for an empire but Republic free
Gave the Forefathers their hearts' sacred gore.
Sweep from the throne, Their Spirits call on Thee,
Betrayers of their trust; Their work restore.*

V

*"Rienzi of the West," great Tribune hail!
Years hast Thou battled 'gainst Right's foes malign;
Among the names that will o'er death prevail,
No name deserves to live more than does Thine.*

(July 10th, 1908, the day Mr. Bryan was chosen for
the third time the Leader of the Democracy.)

GREETINGS TO WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

"First in Peace and First in the Hearts of His Countrymen."



I

Welcome, William Jennings Bryan!
Welcome! and your stay prolong.
We who've loved you, love you more now
For your gallant stand 'gainst wrong.
From our peaceful homes and workshops,
From our plains and seashores long,
From our farms and from our cities,
'Round your standard millions throng.

II

Warrior upon war, Welcome!
Peace's Chieftain brave and strong,
Conqueror by love and reason,
Not by sword or gun or thong.
Better than a horde of jingos
To protect us from war wrong,
Is the man beloved and honored
From the Andes to Hong Kong.

III

Welcome to our "Jewel City"
In the land of sun and song!
Welcome to ten thousand firesides
Which to-day to you belong!
You have won our hearts' devotion,
Baitling ever 'gainst the strong,
PEERLESS PLEADER FOR EACH JUST
CAUSE,
FEARLESS FOE OF EV'RY WRONG.

(July 5th, 1915, "BRYAN DAY" at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.)

A SONNET



*lthough I met Thee first but yesterday,
It seems to me our souls have known before
In some past age, on some celestial shore,
Ere doomed to dwell within these pris'ns of clay.
One image ever o'er my thoughts held sway
And I did often ask if earth e'er bore
A being like to her I brooded o'er;
But years passed on and none did cross my way.*

*But when Thine Angel Face mine eyes beheld,
My soul was thrilled with sweetest ecstasy,
For then I knew that on the earth there dwelled
The Being divine, ethereal, heavenly,
Whom but a dream though long to think compelled,
At last I knew was a reality.*

A “CHAIN O’ LAKES” REVERIE



I

*erenely shines the full May Moon,
Bathing the hills with gentle light.
I, by a woodland lake aswoon,
Sit dreaming filled with pure delight.*

II

*The Zephyrs wander thru the trees
And sweetest fragrance with them bear;
And from across the lake, the breeze
Wafts heav’ly music on the air.*

III

*All this my soul feels and much more,
When thought of THEE steals o’er my mind,
MOONLIT LAKE! MUSIC! SYLVAN
SHORE!
BREEZE LADEN WITH PERFUME!
combined.*

(The “Chain o’ Lakes” are in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.)

RODIN'S "LE PENSEUR"



I

*Upon a rock THE THINKER sits and thinks,
His head upon his hand, and never blinks
An eye but steadfast gazes on the ground,
As silent and as solemn as the Sphinx.*

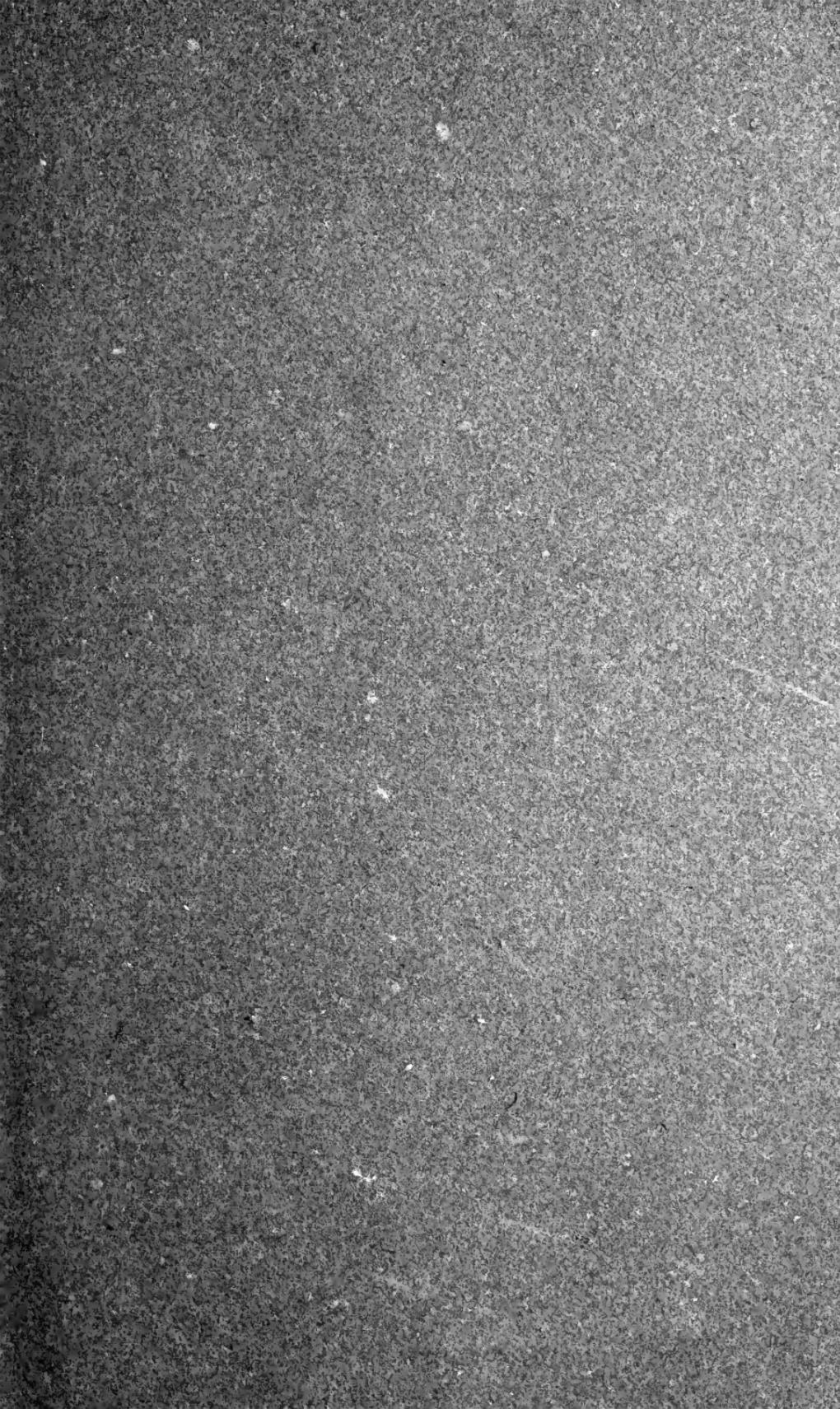
II

*What mighty thoughts are born within that brain?
What dreams are dreamt? What songs are sung?
Explain,
O THINKER, what Thou thinkest of, I beg,
And make for once and all Thy meaning plain.*

III

*Methought THE THINKER from his seat arose;
Methought he spoke and what do you suppose
I heard? Well, this is what he said to me:
"I'm thinkin' how I'll get a suit o' clothes."*

(Reprinted from the San Francisco "Examiner" of
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